

A. Spefford
Capital Library

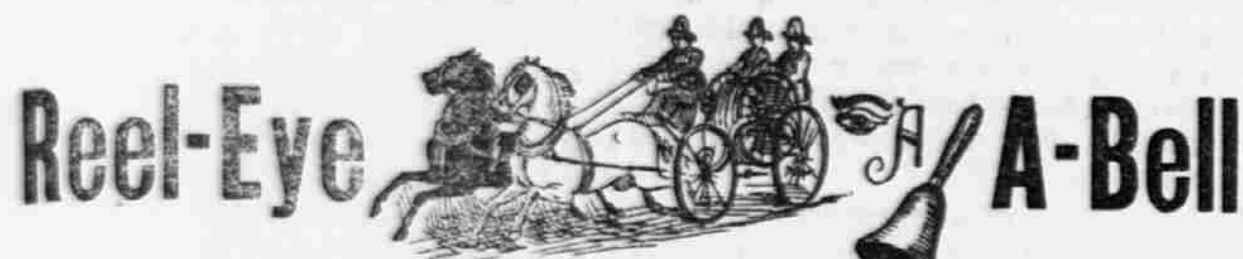
Clearing Out Sale

— OF —

LADIES' COATS, DOLMANS AND CIRCULARS

A small lot still on hand that must and will be closed out regardless of cost to make room for Spring goods.
BROCADE SILK VELVETS AND PLUSHES in black and all the desirable shades.
PLAIN BLACK AND COLORED VELVETS. BLACK AND COLORED SILKS.
SATINS, RHADAMAS, all at greatly reduced prices.
BLACK AND COLORED CASHMERE from 50 cents up. All the EVENING SHADES
in Silks, Satins, Cashmires, Albatrosses, and Nuns Velling, etc.
House Furnishing Goods in great variety and very cheap.
A lot of bordered Damask Table Cloths and Napkins, pure linen, slightly soiled, at half-price. Don't fail to look at them.

J. A. LUTTRELL & CO.,
817 Market Space.



Reel-Eye A-Bell
The Reliable Shoe House

WM. HAHN & CO.

Desire to impress upon the minds of those in search of
Good Shoes at Low Prices, That

Reliable is our motto.
Reliable our dealings.
Reliable the materials used in the manufacture of our goods, and
Reliable the statement that we can give our customers more for their money
than can be found anywhere else.

Spring goods now arriving, Ladies' Hook and Laced Shoes \$2.00, and fine
Kid and Goat Button \$1.00 up; Gents' fine Button and Laced Shoes \$2.00;
Children's Hoesed and Spring Laced and Button Shoes, 75 cents, Infants
Shoes 25 cents up.

WM. HAHN & CO., 816 7th street, and 1922, Pa. Ave. N. W.

Sign—Red Slipper.

GUINNIP'S

Will Open at their Stores

Nos. 822 and 824 SEVENTH STREET,

Monday Morning, Feb. 12th,

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF BANKRUPT GOODS OF

George M. Taylor.

The stock consists of Dry Goods, Silks, Dress Goods, Domestic, Linens, Cloths,
Hosiery, Gloves, Notions, Gentlemen's Furnishings, Housekeeping Goods, etc.

We bought the entire stock at a great bargain for cash. And we are going to sell it ac-
cordingly. No mistake.

GUINNIP & CO.

ABOVE ALL COMPETITORS.

THE LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME

STRONG SIMPLE SWIFT SILENT

SEWING MACHINE

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR
HAS MORE IMPROVEMENTS THAN ALL
OTHER SEWING MACHINES COMBINED

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.
30 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO, ILL. ORANGE, MASS.
AND ATLANTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY

J. F. McKenney,
BALTIMORE, Md.

D. W. LEWIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Practices in all the courts of the District of
Columbia and the state of Virginia.
Pensions and claims against the U. S. Gov-
ernment a specialty. Room 15 May Build-
ing, cor. 7th & E sts., city. feb24-1f

MARY F. YOUNG,
CIGAR STORE,
No. 218 11th St., Cor. C.N.W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

2241m] Tobacco and Cigarettes.

PRIVATE DANCING SCHOOL

Over Mme. Estre's Store,

1109 F Street, N. W.

The entire second floor will be used for
that purpose. Instructions given in classes
or to individuals. New classes will be
formed March 1st. For terms, information,
etc., apply to W. H. Smallwood, No. 1133
15th street, between the hours of 5 and 8
o'clock, P. M. feb24-1m

Washington High School.

(Seventh and Eighth Divisions)

Musical and Literary Entertainment

AT LINCOLN HALL,

Friday, March 30, 1883, at 7:30 o'clock.

Admission 25 cents. Proceeds to purchase
books of reference.

W. H. Harrover,

MANUFACTURER OF

STOVES, RANGES AND FURNACES.

And dealer in Table Cutlery, Tinware, House
Furnishing Goods, etc., 313 Seventh Street,
Northwest and Pennsylvania Avenue,
Washington, D. C.

Levi McCabe, Caterer.

Meals Served Out,
Table Board.

928 11th Street, N. W.

WINDSOR'S

Shoe Parlor.

We call the attention of every one to the fact that we have one of the
finest and largest stocks of first-class SHOES in the city. Then we have a
line of Medium Goods unsurpassed for service and style. We sell the best of
Button Boot made. We sell the best Men's \$4 and \$5 made. Then our Boys'
and Misses' School Shoes are second to none. Infants' and Children's Shoes a
specialty. We cordially invite all to give us a trial. Black Satin and White
Kid Slippers for receptions.

H. C. WINDSOR, 1423 New York Avenue.

J. R. CORNELL,

1004 F Street, Northwest,

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

WINES, LIQUORS, ETC.

A FULL LINE OF CANNED GOODS.

OF ALL KINDS

At Lowest Prices,

CALL AND SEE HIM AND SAVE MONEY.

N. B.—Try our Fine Old Java Coffee.

JOHN F. ELLIS & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1852,

937 Pennsylvania Avenue, Near Tenth Street

PIANOS AND ORGANS

For Sale at Reasonable Prices, on Easy Terms

Tuning, Repairing and Moving promptly attended to. Cornets, Violins, Futes,
Guitars, and everything in the music line for

CASH OR ON INSTALMENTS.

JOHN F. ELLIS & CO.,

937 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

Bargains! Bargains!!

3,000 yards of Gingham in short lengths, from 3 to 10 yards, 8 cents, former
price 12½ cents; 300 yards of Cloaking, short lengths, from 1½ to 3 yards, \$1.50,
former price \$2.50; 30 pieces apron Gingham 8 cents; former price 10 cents; 1
case 104 White Sheetting, best quality made, 34 cents; former price 40 cents; 1
case of assorted Cottons and Cambrics, short lengths, 9 cents, usual price 12½
cents.

—A LARGE STOCK OF—

Blankets and Bed Comforts

To be sold at a large reduction from usual prices.

BARGAINS IN EVERY KIND OF DRY GOODS

GEO. J. JOHNSON,

713 Market Space.

The Best Wagon on Wheels.

IS MANUFACTURED BY

FISH BROS. & Co.,

RACINE, WIS.,

have just earned the reputation of making "BEST WAGON ON WHEELS."
Manufacturers have abolished the warranty, but Agents may, on their own
responsibility, give the following warranty with each wagon, if so agreed:
WE HEREBY WARRANT THE FISH BROS. WAGON, No. 1, to be well made in
every particular and of good material, and that the strength of the same is sufficient for
all work with fair usage. Should any breakage occur within one year from this date by
reason of defective material or workmanship, repairs for the same will be furnished at
place of sale, free of charge, or the price of said repairs, as per agent's price list will be
paid in cash by the purchaser, producing a sample of the broken or defective parts as evidence.
Knowing we can suit you, we solicit patronage from every section of the United States.
Send for Prices and Terms, and for a copy of the "Racine Agriculturist," to
FISH BROS. & CO., Racine, Wis.

Julius Baumgarten, SEAL ENGRAVER AND DIE SINKER.

Seals for all Secret

Societies made to

order at the

shortest notice.



Jewels and Regalia

for all Secret

Societies. For G.

U. O. of O. F. a

Specialty.

DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

feb24-1y

1222 PENNA. AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Leave-Taking.

She will not smile;
She will not stir;
I marvel while
I look on her.
The lips are chilly
And will not speak;
The ghost of a lily
In either cheek.

Her hair—ah me!
Her hair—her hair!
How helplessly
My hands go there!
But my caresses
Meet not hers,
O golden tresses
That thread my tears!

I kiss the eyes
On either lid,
Where her love lies
Forever hid.
I cease my weeping
And smile and say,
I will be sleeping
Thus some day!
—James Whitcomb Riley

Among the Buffaloes.

Whoever desires to shoot a buffalo
on the soil of America must do it very
soon. It is said, by good authority,
that there are now left on the Con-
tinent but two large herds. Of course
there are a good many scattering
groups yet to be found; but the red
men are rapidly procuring the best
weapons, and the number of English-
men and Americans who glory in the
hunt is increasing with every year,
and at the rate at which the lords of
the prairies have been slaughtered for
some time past, there will scarcely be
a buffalo in the country five years
hence.

State legislatures may do what they
please in trying to protect this noble
game from destruction, but it will be
all in vain. The laws are not enforced,
and cannot be enforced without the
presence of an army larger than that
required to keep the Indians in sub-
jection, and to any one at all conversant
with the country it seems certain that
the poor buffalo "must go."

The pursuit of this noble game is
most inspiring sport, and a chapter of
the actual experiences of a hunting-
party for a month would prove
very attractive reading. It would
be sometimes terribly thrilling,
and at others indescribably laughable,
for both tragedy and comedy have
their place in this wild life. Suppose I
give a single instance of each?

A few years ago a gentleman from
one of the Eastern states spent some
weeks in the buffalo country, and dur-
ing his stay had the following very re-
markable experience. He had been
out one day for several hours without
finding game, and as the weather was
excessively hot, had stopped to rest be-
neath a large cotton-wood tree, which
stood on a gently sloping hill about
half-way up its side. He laid his rifle
on the grass beside him, and had near-
ly fallen asleep, when he was roused
by a sound as if an army were march-
ing past.

Accustomed to life on the prairies,
he instantly guessed what it meant,
and springing to his feet and glancing
in the direction whence the sound
came, he saw a herd of a thousand
buffaloes pouring over the hill at a
terrific pace, and coming directly to-
ward him.

Quick as thought he saw what he
must do, and in less time than it takes
to tell it, he had hidden himself away
behind the trunk of the tree under
whose boughs he had been reclining.
He knew the herd must divide in
passing the tree, and at the speed they
were going it seemed probable that
the best would rush past with-
out noticing him.

On came the great herd with thun-
dering tread, and dividing right and
left, swept past the tree on either side
so closely that he could have touched
them with his hand. He supposed they
were simply running to rid themselves
of flies, as they frequently do on a hot
day; but as the last of the herd went
by, he saw a strange spectacle.

One of the cow buffaloes was carry-
ing upon her shoulders, and staggering
under the weight of, an enormous
panther. The monster's claws were
sunk in the animal's shoulders and
back, while his terrible teeth were in
her throat. Evidently she had been
running thus for some time, for she
showed signs of weariness, and at
every leap she uttered a low moan.

It was a strange sight to our hunter,
though the scene itself is doubtless re-
peated every day.

It is no unusual thing for panthers
to conceal themselves near a watering-
place, and spring upon their victims
unawares. They usually select the
cows, knowing them to be less capable
of long endurance; and after riding
them, as in this case, till faint with
loss of blood, they fall upon the prairie,
the panthers take their meals at leisure.

What seems singular is that, if the
monster is seen by the buffaloes, they

will face him and drive him away; but
if he once sets his teeth upon the
throat of one of the number, the whole
herd are seized with a panic and begin
to run for life, leaving their unfortu-
nate companion to her fate.

This was the case with the herd now
going past; they were fleeing for their
lives from their dreaded enemy.

Our friend was so much surprised,
the herd had gone several rods before
he thought of shooting at one of them;
but suddenly coming to himself, and
touched with a feeling of pity for the
poor beast lagging behind with the
panther at her throat, he raised his
rifle and sent a ball after her torment-
or. It struck the panther, inflicting a
severe wound.

With a yell of pain he sprang from
the buffalo's back, and, with tremen-
dous bounds started toward the tree
where the hunter stood. Obviously he
was now going for the hunter.

The man had only a single-barreled
rifle, and so, springing behind the tree,
he drew his long hunting-knife and
nerved himself for a terrible conflict.
To his surprise, the wounded animal
did not attack him, but sprang up
into the tree with all possible speed.

The foliage was dense and heavy,
and in a moment the great beast was
out of sight. He supposed, however,
that this was only done by the panther
to obtain a foothold for springing upon
its enemy, its usual custom. For a
moment or two he stood grasping his
knife, looking upward and dreading
the attack.

But to his amazement the creature
did not spring, and as it still kept up
an angry, growling sound, he con-
cluded that it must be badly wounded,
and that, perhaps, ere it fully recov-
ered for the attack, he might reload his
rifle.

So, thrusting his knife into the bark
of the tree, that it might be ready for
instant use, and keeping careful watch
for the movements of his dreaded foe,
he managed quietly to reload his rifle.
Then creeping softly around the
cottonwood, he peered carefully through
the branches till he saw the panther
crouched on a large limb, about thirty
feet from the ground.

The beast did not see him, and its
side was now fairly exposed. Every-
thing depended upon this shot, for if
he missed, or only slightly wounded
the creature, it might cost him his
life. With a steady nerve, and a silent
prayer to Him who holds both life and
death in his hands, he raised his rifle
and pulled the trigger. As the sharp
crack of the rifle rang out, it was
drowned by a piercing scream from
the panther, who sprang wildly into
the air, shot through the heart, and
fell dead not ten feet from where the
hunter was standing.

Looking over the whole matter, he
concluded that the panther had not
seen him at all, but that when struck
by the first ball, he supposed he was in
some way hurt by the buffalo, and that
he ran to the tree as the best place to
escape from the rest of the herd.

Whether the injured buffalo recov-
ered from her wounds, he had no
means of knowing, for he did not
follow up the trail.

But now for an incident of the
laughable sort.

A couple of gentlemen, H— and
M— went into the region of the
Bad Lands of Montana, for the double
purpose of hunting and taking photo-
graphic views of the scenery. Like
all persons who visit the Far West,
they were ambitious to shoot a buffalo.
It was not long before an opportunity
was afforded them to show their skill.

One day they noticed several dark
objects on the prairie two miles dis-
tant, and by the aid of their glasses,
they made out that a small group of
buffaloes were lying there in the sand.

Riding to a little grove about half a
mile distant from the game, they dis-
mounted and crept through the sage-
brush, till they came to a little
eminence which overlooked the buffa-
loes, now only one hundred and fifty
yards away.

Here they carefully singled out a
couple which were now standing, and
actually tumbled them over upon the
prairie, where they lay kicking and
bellowing at a fearful rate. The rest
of the herd scampered away a few
rods, but, attracted by the cries and
antics of their wounded companions,
they soon stopped and stood stupidly
looking at them.

One old bull, more daring than the
rest, began walking around the fallen
ones to see what the trouble was. He
at length came between the wounded
animals and the hunters, and stood
still for a few minutes, with head
erect and every muscle ready for action
—a noble picture. It was so tempt-
ing that H— raised his rifle and fired
at him. He was badly wounded, but
did not fall, and as the rest of the herd
took the alarm and scampered away,

he tried to follow them; but his wound
so troubled him that before he disap-
peared from sight in a small ravine, he
had fallen into a walk.

They then went back to the grove
and brought up the horses, intending
to follow up and secure the wounded
bull.

Just then an idea—a brilliant idea—
entered M—'s head. Why not follow
on till within a fair distance of the
animal, and then set the camera and
photograph him? The photograph of
a bull buffalo, taken while the animal
actually stood holding his pursuers at
bay, oh! that would be immense.

So while M— took his rifle, H—
took the "machine," and they followed
on after his majesty. They soon found
him lying down, but he rose at their
approach, and after looking about him
curiously for a while, started for them
at a speed which compelled their
retreat. When at a safe distance, how-
ever, M— suggested to his com-
panion:

"Now, H—, I'll go round by that
ledge and attract the old fellow's atten-
tion, and you plant your camera just
beside that ash-tree, and then we shall
get a magnificent view of him."

H— assented, but with an inward
feeling that he would like to exchange
places with his companion.

Away went M—, and shortly
afterward he appeared on the opposite
ledge. It took some time for H— to
get his plates in readiness, and during
this time the bull again lay down, but
this time in the sage-brush, so that
they could not exactly place him; but,
with tripod in hand, the photographer
went carefully down the ravine.

Before he was aware how near he
was getting to him, up sprang the
wounded bull with a mad roar and
with fury in his eyes. For an instant
he glared at the intruder, and then,
with a tremendous bellow, he started
for him.

The photograph man dropped his
machine and fled. The bull first struck
the machine, which he shattered into a
thousand atoms, and then kept on
after its owner.

With all his power, the poor fellow
sprang through the sage-brush, with
hair on end and coat-tail extended, and
the bull close at his heels.

It was ludicrous beyond description.
M— stood on the opposite ledge, and,
despite the imminent danger of his
friend, was nearly unmanned by laugh-
ter. But he saw that something must
be done, and when the mad buffalo
was not more than eight feet distant
from the flying photographer, M—
raised his rifle and sent a ball through
the animal, which dropped dead in
his tracks.

They took out the creature's tongue
as a trophy of victory, and after pick-
ing up the fragments of the camera,
with its supporting tripod, they sought
their horses, and journeyed on with
the settled determination not to
attempt to photograph another wounded
buffalo, unless it should be at long
range and from a safe hiding-place.

The Sting of the Bee.

If we press the abdomen of the bee
or wasp, so as to cause the sting to
protrude, we should naturally think
that the sharp, dark-colored instrument
was the sting itself. This, however,
is not the case. The real sting is a
very slender instrument, nearly trans-
parent, keenly pointed, and armed on
one edge with a row of barbs. So ex-
actly does the sting resemble the many
barbed arrows of certain savage tribes
that, if the savages had possessed
microscopes, we should certainly have
thought that they borrowed the idea of
the barb from the insect. What we
see with the unaided eye is simply the
sheath of the sting. Many savages
poison their spears and arrows, and
here also they have been anticipated
by the insect. But the sting is infin-
itely superior to the arrow poison. No
poison that has yet been made, not
even the terrible woorari, or curare, as
it is sometimes called, can retain its
strength after long exposure to the
air. The upas poison of Borneo, for
example, loses its potency in two or
three hours. But the venom of the
sting is never exposed to the air at all.
It is secreted by two long thread-like
glands, not nearly so thick as a human
hair, and is then received into a little
bag at the base of the sting. When
the insect uses its weapon it contracts
the abdomen, thereby forcing the sting
out and compressing the venom-bag.
By the force of the stroke which drives
the sting into the foe its base is pressed
against the venom-bag and a small
amount of poison driven into the
wound. As a rule, if the bee or wasp
be allowed to remain quiet, it will with-
draw its sting, but as the pain causes
a sudden jerk, the barbed weapon can-
not be withdrawn, and the whole ap-
paratus of sting, poison-bag and glands
is torn out of the insect, thereby caus-
ing its death.—Good Words.